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OF NEW YORK.

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APPLICATIONS ON GOOD RISKS SOLICITED.

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STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL OPEN

SECOND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

ALL THE PAPERS ARE FILLED IN ALBUMS AND  
BROKEN LEAVES ARE PREPARED FOR PASTING  
BRAINS AT LEAST AND MODERN LANGUAGES, DRAWING  
PRINTING, AL. MODES ARE TAUGHT WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

TRAVELING AND TUTORIAL MODESTY.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, ADDRESS.

MRS. S. C. TRUEBEMONT, PRINCIPAL,

STANFORD, KY.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. E. DAVIES, MILLINER,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

WE ARE RECEIVING AND OPENING AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

SEWING AND CUTTING MATERIALS.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

THIS IS THE FIRST DIRECT AND THROUGH LINE, AND THE

ONLY ALL-HAIL ROUTE TO ALL POINTS IN

TEXAS, ARKANSAS, LOUISIANA,

MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA,

FLORIDA, GEORGIA,

THE CAROLINS AND TENNESSEE.

TO THE

NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

IT MAKES QUICKEST TIME WITH LESS CHARGE OF EXPENSE THAN ANY OTHER LINE.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS.

BUT WE SHIP LUGGAGE, HOTELS, ETC.

WE SH

## The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY., SEPT. 4, 1874.

### THE PESTLE IN KENTUCKY.

We do not propose to bore our readers with a column of sensational bush upon the immoral practices now so prevalent in Kentucky and elsewhere. In our zeal for law and order, in our own State, we would not appear as intemperate as some of the popular journals of the State, whose columns are crowded with articles of abuse and censure upon the courts and juries of the Commonwealth. These papers may properly represent the character of their own constituents when they declare their juries, sheriffs, attorneys and judges corrupt, and their courts of justice mere farces. If this be true, we are phenominal enough to thank God that our people are not as they. We but reflect the sentiments of nineteen-twentieths of our people—the people of this part of the Commonwealth, and especially of old Lincoln—when we condemn in unmeasured terms every species of lawlessness and ruffianism, and demand the strict and impartial enforcement of the law against crimes of every species, and law breakers of every class. In looking over the criminal record of other States, reviewing that of our own, we are not prepared to admit that Kentucky is worse than her sister States, however urgent the existing necessity for instant reform. We need stirring up, it is true. We are too lax in our duty as law-loving citizens, and our civil officers, doubtless, partake of the same spirit, an evil a little healthy nudging under the ribs, to remind them that they are guardians of our peace and security. There is to be observed from our exchanges, a popular uprising against the spirit of ruffianism that disgraces the whole country, and from which our State is not exempt by odds. This uprising, we trust, will result in great good to the country. It will put thinking men to searching for the cause, and the discovery of a remedy. The readers of the daily papers, during the past few years, have not failed to notice that there has been, to say the least, no perceptible decrease of crime in Kentucky since the close of the war. Killed, stabbed, shot, burned, slung-shot, homicided, murdered, assassinated, butchered, Ku Kluxed, is the burden of every song, the whisper of every breeze, the head of every column, the tenor of nearly every dispatch. The air of a continent is burdened with the groans and wailings of ruffians' victims. The telegraph-wires are clogged with the vital of perdition, which comes from the horrible details they daily and hourly transmit. The whole press of the country reeks and drips with gory recitals. It is time that men—true men, brave men, men of honor, integrity and pride worth vindicating—should begin to inquire, in God's name, when and where this hideous carnival of blood, this revelry of death is to cease!

We put the question to our readers as a knotty one, (though it is not knotty at all) how shall we stop this ceaseless flow of blood, how dispense with the deadly revolver and the murderous knife? Every citizen of the country is interested in determining the grave question; and, when the remedy is found, in applying it to each and every case. To reach the prolific source of four-fifths of all the crimes in the long calendar, need we stop short of the **STILL**?

We would be behind the times were we to fail to keep our readers posted about the "great scandal" as it is familiarly known. Moulton and Tilton now say that each will prepare another statement in response to Beecher, and in comment upon the report of his white-washing committee. Hence we may look for further developments in the matter, as we are promised something next time which will astonish us all. But little faith or credit is given by impartial readers to the statements of the girl "Bessie" who made Mrs. Tilton an angel and Mr. Tilton a demon.

REV. NATHANIEL L. RICE and family, will arrive in Danville in a few days, to reside. Our readers will perhaps remember, that Dr. Rice has accepted a chair in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at that place.

He will give a tone and character to the institution which it has never before enjoyed.

ERASE from our Statutes every line, word and syllable touching the crime of carrying concealed deadly weapons, and substitute a death penalty for the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating beverages, and then we may contemplate an era of peace, prosperity and godliness.

Since the abduction of the Ross child of New York, child-stealing has become a recognized branch of industry. Hardly a paper comes out without some such advertisement as this: "A widow lady would like a place as housekeeper, where she can take a child."

THE Studebaker Brothers at South Bend, Indiana, the largest manufacturers of wagons in this country, lost their immense establishment recently by fire. This loss was nearly \$200,000. An effort is being made to induce them to rebuild in Louisville.

A DEMOCRATIC exchange thinks that "one thing seems inevitable; either we must get some new questions to suit our parties, or we must get some new parties to suit our questions."

The called term of the Garrard Circuit Court has adjourned to convene again on the 2d Monday in October next. The grand jury returned about one hundred indictments, principally for participation in the recent troubles between the whites and blacks at Lancaster. Enquire Ford, a magistrate of the county, went before the grand jury and stated that he, as a peace officer of the county, had advised and officially ordered the attack upon Sellers' house for the purpose of dispersing a mob and restoring peace, notwithstanding which statement, we learn that the grand jury found true bills against him and those who obeyed his orders.

TO READ some of the leaden editorials published in the *Courier-Journal* recently, a stranger would conclude that the C. J. possesses all the virtue and law-abiding spirit upon the soil of Kentucky. It treats the subject of lawlessness in Kentucky as if the State was inhabited solely by vicious and unprincipled bullies, and the C. J. was endeavoring to inoculate a new doctrine—"Peace and good will to all men."

A NORTH CAROLINA correspondent of the *Courier-Journal* thinks that the best thing the Southern States can do is to change their constitutions so that no man will be eligible to vote or to sit in a jury box unless he can read and write. He says the South could very well afford to let colored men, who can read and write, vote and sit upon a jury-box, for the sake of getting clear of the unlettered of both races.

THREE men have been arrested at Henryville, Indiana, suspected of having robbed and tied a man to a railway track, and who was run over and so badly crushed as to die soon after. The robbers got only a paltry sum of money. What must be the depth of the viciousness of the heart of men who could perpetrate an act so inhuman? Kentucky has no crime in her annals so great as this.

Two robbers went to the house of an old man named Burdett living near Lebanon, entered the house, tied a white man and a negro who were there, and robbed the old man of \$1,500 in greenback, and \$100 in gold—all the money the poor old man had. No clue to the robbery. Why will men keep such sums of money about their houses?

ANOTHER 300 negroes attacked a house where five or six white men had entrenched themselves with arms, at Corsicana, Texas. At last accounts, they had not effected an entrance.

The cause of the trouble was, that one of the white men is said to have insulted the wife of a negro, and therefore, these 300 men assailed him and a few friends who gathered to his aid.

THE events of the last few weeks seem to suggest that a more appropriate caption for the sensational press editorials would be, The Shot-guns in Kentucky. In this locality the murderous shot-guns has played a conspicuous part in more than a half dozen serious affairs within the past three weeks, principally upon the Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

A young man named Perry Cox, on South Fork, in Casey county, met a sudden and singular death one day this week. We are informed that he harbored a companion who was on horse-back, for a race, he to run on foot against the horse. The signal was given to start, when Cox made one jump and fell dead.

WE are not apologists for crime of any species, or criminals of any class. We favor the most extreme measures to enforce obedience to the laws of the country; but we believe that the whole criminal code is inadequate, so long as our State affords better protection to the liquor traffic than to the lives and property of her citizens!

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**Henry Clay Predictions to 1860.**  
The agitation of the question of slavery in the free States will—  
First—Destroy all harmony;  
Second—Lead to division;  
Third—To poverty;  
Fourth—To war;  
Fifth—To the extermination of the black race;  
Sixth—To ultimate military despotism.

**The fine thorough-bred black stallion, Kentucky Chief, belonging to Clark Frazer, of Battle Creek, Michigan, died August 29, from the effects of a rupture. He was bred by James B. Clay, and was a descendant of Mambrino Chief and Lexington.**

**THE Radical papers of the North have seized upon the most exaggerated reports of recent troubles in the South and have added falsehoods to the most devilish rumors and put a brilliant partisan coloring to the whole.**

**THE white-washing committee of Plymouth Club House of which Henry Ward Beecher is principal, tried to mob Moulton for telling the truth. Fine, for shame!**

**HOW HARRISON COCKRELL, has been nominated by the Democracy of the ninth Congressional District, as the candidate to succeed Hon. G. M. Adams.**

**CAPT. THOMAS J. JONES' majority for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, is over 60,000. This does not indicate that the Democratic party in this State is on the wane.**

**SAVE YOUR EYE-SIGHT**  
By buying a pair of the  
**LAZARUS & MORRIS**  
PERFECTED

**BEST MADE.**  
—AT—  
**E. B. CHENAULT'S**  
77-47

**EXCURSION TICKETS AT**  
**GREATLY REDUCED RATES**  
During the Great

**NATIONAL EXPOSITION!**  
—AT—  
**CINCINNATI,**

**Commencing Sept. 2, and ending Oct. 3, 1874, th**  
**Louisville & Cincinnati**  
**Short Line**  
**Railroad**

**Will sell Excursion Tickets between Louisville, and Cincinnati at**

**5 DOLLARS!**

**For the Round Trip, including admittance ticket to the Exposition, and from the South holding out the same to the North, and vice versa, will have the time of their return tickets extended 30 days by buying a ticket to the Cincinnati Exposition over the**

**SHORT LINE RAILROAD.**

**At the Ticket Office in Excursion Hall, at Louisville.**

**Ask for Tickets via The Short Line.**

**S. S. PARKER,**  
Genl. Pass & Trk. Agt.

**SECOND ANNUAL MEETING**

**OF THE**

**Kentucky Trotting Horse**

**ASSOCIATION.**

**ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.**

**PINE HILL, KY., Sept. 2, 1874.**

**According to both my promise and wish,**

**I send you a brief digest of the sayings**

**and doings of this Pine Hill, distinguished**

**and immortalized long since, by the**

**sprightly effusions of your inimitable cor-**

**respondent "Jinks."** Peace to his ashes.

**The coal trade has opened lively, and**

**very quantities of coal have shipped.**

**The Pine Hill and Fish Point Coal Company,**

**have formed an association, and appointed**

**Mr. J. R. Crooke, their sole agent.** Orders

**to him at this place, will receive prompt attention.**

**Mr. L. S. Jones, the handsome and agreeable agent at this place, left this morning, bound for the far West. Madam Burdett has it that when he returns he will be building a handsome cottage on main street, seems to corroborate the Madam; but we hardly think it true. Be this true or false, you have our best wishes Luke, and we pray you may live to eat the chicken that scratches over your grave.**

**THE first Trotting Meet, at Pine Hill, has been held.**

**Third Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30.**

**Third Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, OCT. 1.**

**Third Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 2.**

**Second Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, OCT. 3.**

**Second Race—Purse \$100 for all horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**Third Race—Purse \$100 free for all; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second and 6:00 to third horse.**

**Fourth Race—Purse \$100 free for all; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second and 6:00 to third horse.**

**Fifth Race—Purse \$100 free for all; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second and 6:00 to third horse.**

**SIXTH DAY, SUNDAY, OCT. 4.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30.**

**Third Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 2.**

**Second Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, OCT. 3.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**SIXTH DAY, SUNDAY, OCT. 4.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**SEVENTH DAY, MONDAY, OCT. 5.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**EIGHTH DAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 6.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**NINTH DAY, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**TENTH DAY, THURSDAY, OCT. 8.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**ELEVENTH DAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 9.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**TWELFTH DAY, SATURDAY, OCT. 10.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second, 6:00 to third horse.**

**THIRTEENTH DAY, SUNDAY, OCT. 11.**

**First Race—Purse \$100 for horses that have never trotted better than 2:50; 4:00 to first, 5:00 to second,**



**LOVE IN A COTTAGE\***

The Junes come; the birds have alighted,  
Each唱歌 a little wife.  
And many a youth, idle-pated,  
Has taught you to make love for life.  
I hear you, on misty, moonlighting,  
Our happiness shall be alight;  
Till death or divorce do part."

Perhaps, ere the summer is over,  
A different song you may sing,  
And haply you yet may deserve  
The love of a different being.  
The rosy red was never paid by kisses,  
When once the bright honey-moon's over,  
Ah! Love will fly out of the window  
When Poverty enters the door.

\*It's pleasant in vine-shaded aisles,  
Soft-hamm'd by an odorous breeze,  
To sit in the shade of the Adonis,  
Dealing his love in soft repose.  
But there comes a drear season in autumn,  
When the arbors are naked and bare,  
And the breeze grows pale to a whitewind  
That walks the lone hills high in air.

There's a chill in the air of November,  
When even Love himself grows cold,  
And the frosty north is on the border.  
This is not the life he foretold.

You thought, from his glowing description,  
In his cottage you'd nothing to do,

But to sit in white muslin and roses,  
And feel upon thy lapidary dew.

I spent an hour of agony, such as I  
had never felt before; but at last Jennie  
came to me, all smiles.

"There is no danger," she said; "she  
has come to herself; she only faints from  
fright. You haven't killed her, or even  
hurt her much, you foolish boy."

And I burst into tears. Jennie bent  
over me.

"But to think she should be so shy,"  
she said; "a gentleman's portrait in her  
all the while, and not a word to me of it. I'll punish her for it now."

And away she ran back to Nellie, but  
my tears were all dried up, and my heart  
was gall. She was engaged to some one  
else, this girl who was so dear to me.  
Some one had been before me, and she  
was his portrait next to her heart. Fool  
that I was not to guess it.

I never asked whose portrait it was.  
Tim Armstrong's or Jack Mayden's. I  
did not care. When Nellie was well  
enough to go, in the course of an hour or  
two, I drove her home and bade her good-  
bye.

I said, "I regret that I should have  
been the means of alarming you, so, Miss  
Brodie."

And she looked up into my face with  
her great blue eyes, and said, "It was  
not your fault; you could not help it.  
I am that a different thing." Perchance  
there's a love that survives.  
The dreariest east wind that blows;  
But this romance of "love in a cottage"  
Is not always "color de rose."

**HOW ESCAPED BACHELORDON.**

I have no words for her sweetness; I  
can't describe her; perhaps we're to do  
so, or even could I place her picture before  
you, you might not see her as I did  
and do. Every eye makes its own beauty,  
and to me she was more beautiful than  
any other living creature. Nellie Brodie,  
whose father was the sexton of our  
church, a good old man, but prosy, and  
prone to tell one or two good stories  
about ghosts, proved to be no ghost  
after one found him. Many  
and many a time have I listened to them  
out on his little porch of a summer's  
night, with the moon bright above us,  
and mysterious chirps and cries in the  
bushes, and the smell of the evening  
primroses growing far sweeter and sweet-  
er, and Nellie, still and quiet as a mouse,  
sitting with folded hands between us.

We boys folks enough by day, but  
we idled away the long summer evenings  
together and thought no harm of it. It  
is good to be idle sometimes in that hap-  
py sort of way; and to tell the truth I  
like it. No man could say that I ne-  
glected my duty. A better farm, no one  
ever had, and larger crops none gathered,  
and no starved cattle grazed in my mead-  
ows. As for my dairy—but that was sister  
Jane's doing. A good house, a pretty,  
bright-eyed girl with a warm heart, and  
a laugh that seemed to be catching.  
Alone together we two were, and we  
had no need of each other.

I never told her I liked Nellie Brodie,  
but I did not hide it from her. Nellie  
and she were great friends. Once  
and over I tried to find out from Jennie what  
she said about me—Nellie, I mean—but  
the girl never would let a word slip out.  
A true woman hides another woman's  
secrets. I knew that, and I built on it.

"For," said I to myself, "Nellie dis-  
liked me; Jennie would give me a hint,  
sister-like, and save me from mortification.  
Either she knows nothing, or she  
knows Nellie likes me."

After that, I may say I courted Nellie.  
She knew I loved her, I'm sure of that;  
even if I had not said so out and out, she  
could know it.

But there were other young men in  
the place, of course, and many willing  
enough to listen to old Brodie's stories  
for the sake of looking at his daughter;  
and many a jealous pang I had in those  
days; for Nellie had the same pretty,  
kindly ways to all, and the same smile  
for every one.

I used to think that a "no" from Nellie's  
lips would go straight through my  
heart, like a bullet, and I found it hard  
to risk the hearing of it. She must say  
it to all but one of us, and I was not so  
handsome as one, and not so witty as another;  
and not so rich as a third, until I  
had my photograph taken, one day, by  
a man who had a gallery in our village.  
I thought at first he must have made too  
much of my mouth and too little of my eyes;  
but he showed me plainly that the machine  
must take a good likeness, because it  
was a machine, and couldn't make a mistake.  
I took the things home and put them in a drawer, and showed  
them to nobody; but they took the little  
vanity I had out of me, though I kept  
saying over and over again, "What do  
looks matter for a man?"

I meant, you see, to give Nellie some  
for her album, but I thought if I looked like  
it was not best. I've heard other  
people speak of the same feelings since,  
in regard to photographers; and I am  
not sure, now, that they are always perfect.

Waiting and watching, hoping and  
fearing, I let the time slip by; and winter  
came with its frost and snow, and old  
Mr. Brodie told his stories by the fire, in-  
stead of on the porch; and the lamp  
light fell on Nellie's yellow hair, as she  
sat knitting, and made the prettiest picture  
you ever saw; and I made up my mind to put my name to the test before  
Christmas and die. You see, when a  
young fellow falls in love, he loses courage.  
But one thing I vowed—Nellie  
should take a sleigh-ride with me.

Tom Armstrong had said—I heard him  
that he meant to drive the prettiest  
cutter, the prettiest pair of horses, and  
the prettiest girl in New Bridge. He  
meant Nellie by the prettiest girl. His  
turnout might be what he chose, but Nellie  
should never go with him. She should  
go with me.

The snow fell fast, and by morning  
you could see nothing for miles around  
but great drifts, though the sky had grown  
as clear as though it had been summer.  
I called for Nellie in the afternoon, and  
she was ready, and away we went. She  
looked charming, with her rosy cheeks,  
and bright and sunny eyes, and sunny  
hair; and I was happier than I had ever  
been in my life.

Going out of the village we met Tom  
Armstrong, with a splendid cutter. He  
looked daggers at us both—or at least I  
thought so, and he went, as I heard afterward,  
to invite Sue Nichol to ride with him.  
As he drove out of sight I made  
up my mind to ask the question that  
would settle everything on our way  
home.

Man proposes, but Heaven disposes.  
Things happened that evening that I  
had not thought of. We were going back,  
in the moonlight, when I put my hand on  
Nellie's, and made her turn her eyes to  
ward me.

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